

## Goodbye, I Love You.

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# Goodbye, I Love You.

by [teeth\\_eater](#)

## Summary

Tommy needs to mourn.

So he does.

## Notes

IM NOT DEAD!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

uh uh a month without uploading she comes back with a - \*sniper sound\*

anyway. Sorry i haven't uploaded. I started college!! and also suffered a bunch of writers block. as a result, this is a bit shorter than my other fics, but its very very plot relevant. welcome everyone to ACT II of human error!!

also, this is technically a song fic. it should match up with the song if you start playing [this song](#) at "He stops turning the dial when he hears something familiar."

you don't have to listen, but it adds a lot :]

also warning for grief fueled meltdowns

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It has been four months to the day since Tommy's cellmate disappeared, and Tommy can't sleep.

Tubbo snores away next to him, in that strange buzzing way that he does, and Tommy stares at the ceiling, pondering. His cellmate had been the last to disappear after the others were killed or sold off, so Tommy had known it was only a matter of time. Still, when he was taken, Tommy couldn't help the childish hopefulness he had held that it would only be more experiments.

He hadn't come back.

It was just Tommy, alone amongst rows and rows of empty cages. There was shouting outside, and then the sound of a blaster being fired. Tommy put his hands over his ears. They didn't come back to feed him for two days after that, he had sort of thought they had forgotten about him. He hoped they did. It would be a more merciful death to starve than to be experimented on or sold to be some rich asshole's guard dog.

They didn't forget him, though. He was more valuable alive than dead, after all. Someone had come in to give him food, someone newer, less experienced. He opened the door to the cage, and Tommy attacked.

The rest was a blur, but when he was back of his own mind he could taste blood in his mouth, his own or someone else's he had no idea, and his hands held the steering wheel, or whatever pretentious space name they had called it. Dream was banging on the door, screaming angrily in his own strange, whistling language. Tommy slams his hand down on the control panel and the ship jerks forward. Tommy is nearly thrown off of his feet, but he doesn't care if he can actually *fly* the ship. If he crashes it then everyone onboard will die, and that's good enough.

All the humans are gone, the nice old lady who didn't speak English but always smiled at him when he would come back from experiments, the man with the long, dark hair that he refused to cut it even when it got matted and tangled, the Russian woman who would chew her lip when she got nervous, and Tommy's cellmate, who would sneak him pieces of his dinner, insisting that Tommy take it because he's a growing boy. They both know Tommy has been too stressed to devote any energy to growing since he got up here. He had taken the food anyway.

No one is left but Tommy and the damn aliens that stole him.

Tommy lurches the joystick-like steering wheel forward and the ship starts moving in earnest. He doesn't know where he's going, he can't make heads or tails of the maps pinned to the dirty walls, but he doesn't care. He's leaving or he's going to die trying.

And he did.

Leave, that is. Not die. He's alive and he's relatively happy and he has a family who doesn't cut his arm open to see his bone, or take his blood or hair or spit. Once Wilbur had asked to draw blood, forgetting Tommy's past, and the ensuing panic attack had taken days to recover from. Still, he's here.

But no one else is.

Tommy gets up, swinging his legs over the side of the bed and getting to his feet. He screws up his face at the cold metal floor and walks to the hallway. He hopes Tubbo doesn't wake up while he's gone and come looking for him. Tommy needs to be alone right now.

Tommy walks down the hall, peeking into each crew member's room to make sure they're all alright. Checking on his family soothes the terrible noise that takes up space in his brain, telling him everyone is dead. Most everyone is sleeping, besides Ranboo, who is staring out the window. They look at each other when Tommy pokes his head through the door. Ranboo blinks at him, catlike, and Tommy nods in return. No words are exchanged. Tommy thinks Ranboo understands.

Tommy walks to the observation deck, keeping his mind carefully blank. He doesn't want to break down, not yet. He doesn't want Phil to come running to hug him and tell him everything will be okay, he doesn't want Tubbo to distract him with jokes, he doesn't want comfort. He just wants to grieve.

He stares up in the observation deck, the windows that stretch up to the ceiling show an endless mosaic of drifting stars. Tommy thinks about the school field trip he had taken to the planetarium years ago, when the workers had given a lecture on the vastness of space. The pictures put up on the movie-theater-sized screen hadn't done it justice. It's incomprehensible. It's terrifying. It's home. It has to be, where else would he go?

He tears his eyes away from the vastness ahead of him and walks to the radio, his final connection to his home-planet. He presses a button, hissing through his teeth when the music starts blaring through it. He turns down the volume knob, looking towards the door to see if he had woken anyone up.

No one comes rushing in, so Tommy turns his attention back to the radio. It's some old classical music he doesn't care about, so he scoffs and turns the dial, scanning the stations that could reach out here. According to Wilbur, they're from years and years ago, they're unable to get new radio waves this far from Earth, but it's music he knows, so Tommy doesn't mind.

He stops turning the dial when he hears something familiar. Gentle, sad piano floats through the air. Tommy sits back, tucking his knees up to his chest and staring back out at the stars. His cellmate used to sing this, back when Tommy was in so much pain he couldn't see, or when the nightmares would keep them both awake. He would sing lots of songs, but this one was his favorite. Tommy made fun of him for liking American music, but he loved it all the same. It sounds wrong, the simple notes not coming in the form of a hum.

He watches the stars, and he wishes things had been different.

*'A heart that's full up like a landfill,'* The voice croons. Tommy has never heard the song before, outside of his cellmate's singing, and it sounds strange to hear an unfamiliar voice singing this song.

"A job that slowly kills you, bruises that won't heal..." Tommy sings along quietly. That, at least is familiar. If he screws his eyes shut he can almost pretend he knows the voice singing. "You look so tired, unhappy. Bring down the government."

Tommy lays on his back, keeping his eyes on the stars, and just lets the music play.

*'They don't, they don't speak for us,'* The singer says, voice warbling sadly. Tommy can feel his eyes getting hot with unshed tears. He's so tired of crying.

*'I'll take a quiet life, a handshake of carbon monoxide. No alarms and no surprises,'*

"No alarms and no surprises," Tommy joins in, voice soft. "No alarms and no surprises, silence..."

*'Silence, this is my final fit my final bellyache with no alarms and no surprises, no alarms and no surprises, no alarms and no surprises, please.'*

Tommy has grieved too long, and he hasn't grieved at all. What time did he have to cry for all that he had lost? He's crying now. So hard that he feels like his insides are trembling, and his teeth are clenching. He's laying in a fetal position, choking back sobs. Why out of all the people on Earth did it have to be him? On quiet days in the cell, he would imagine that his cellmate had adopted him on Earth and they were together, safe. That he would make him breakfast and ask how he had slept. There were so few quiet days.

*'Such a pretty house and such a pretty garden,' That's all he'd ever wanted. 'No alarms and no surprises, no alarms and no surprises, no alarms and no surprises, please.'*

He misses him so much it aches, it tears him apart inside. He wants to hear him sing again, he would give anything. He lays on the ground and feels like he's shaking apart. The song fades out, and Tommy reaches up to smack the radio off. He needs to feel this. He needs to let himself fall apart before he can build himself up again.

Four months. It feels like an eternity and also like no time has passed at all. Tommy still thinks about him every day. He wonders where his soul went, if such a thing truly does exist. If it's back on Earth or floating out in space somewhere. He hopes he's on Earth. Maybe when Tommy dies he can find him.

He rolls over onto his back, sobs quieting slightly. With the chaos of the past four months, Tommy hasn't had time to process everything. It's unbelievable to think that he was taken from Earth only eight months ago, it feels like forever. He's lost so much. He's gained a lot too, he thinks, mind drifting to the sleeping bodies tucked away in their beds. Still, he needs to grieve. He can feel the pressure of the grief building up in his chest, choking him. He doesn't want to break down in front of the others, though. He needs to be alone for this.

He speaks, voice shaking, face turned towards the endless stars.

"Hey so, I've seen people do this in movies. Uh, I miss you, big man." Tommy starts, wiping at his face. "I'm sorry you died. You deserved better. I don't know how to... how to deal with this. I never even- I don't even know what happened to you. If you... suffered. I heard... I heard a blaster shot go off and-"

Tommy shuts his mouth with a click of teeth, not able to bring himself to finish the story. He hangs his head, sniffing miserably.

"I love you," Tommy says. "I do, I'm sorry I never said it when you were alive."

Tommy looks out the window. He'd heard once, when he was very young, that stars were the souls of good people who'd died. If that's true, he thinks the brightest one would be Sam.

"Goodbye, I love you." Tommy murmurs, curling on his side, eyes not leaving the brightest star until his eyes drift closed and he sinks back into sleep.

Thousands of lightyears away, The Warden dons his mask.

## End Notes

oh what a tiwst.

a couple of people actually guessed who Tommy's cellmate was! congrats detectives, you're quite the shining stars.

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